

Herald's

You Must Read Phelon's Story
Today About the Courteous
Ball Game--It's Some Story

Sporting

Which Pillow Pusher Packs
the Powerful Punch to Pull
the Purse? Oh, Piffle!

Page

Ad Wolgast Making Hay Before Big July 4 Fight

(BY TOM S. ANDREWS)

AD WOLGAST, the lightweight champion, is not going to let his big match with Joe Rivers at Los Angeles, July 4, cut any figure with getting some easy money out before that time. The "Michigan Bearcat" as he likes to term himself, has accepted a match with Lesch Cross at New York before the Garden Athletic club for May 29, the weight to be 135 pounds ringside. For the 10 rounds of work Adolock will receive just \$12,500, or over \$1000 for every three minutes he is in the ring boxing. Over \$12,000 for just 30 minutes actual work is rather soft, and it is no wonder some of the well known educators have again the game. Recently, however, two presidents of colleges advised the students to be sure and get a thorough athletic training, as they might be able to draw \$50,000 salaries as ball players, or even more as star boxers. At any rate, no one will blame Wolgast for getting all the soft money he can find, as long as he meets legitimate challenges for the lightweight title, when called upon to do so.

White hopes have been brought out so frequently of late that the followers of boxing pay little attention to them nowadays. Most of them have been exploded in a hurry, and others have been exploited simply for the money managers have made out of them. Little Big Hart, at one time a clever heavyweight, and one of the trainers of Jack Johnson during his preparations at Reno for Jim Jeffries, claims to have in tow a real white hope. His name is John Young, and he hails from the west. He is a very powerful man, standing over six feet in height and tipping the scales around 200 pounds. He is said to be a diamond in the rough, and Hart is nursing him along carefully, as he does not want to make a mistake at this stage of the game. He has been sent out against a few heavyweights for tryouts of late, and acquitted himself so well that the fussy Hart feels sure he has picked out a real live hope. He intends teaching the big fellow more boxing and later on will give him some severe tests against men who can go hard enough to bring out the best points in Mr. Young. "He is better than either Gus Ruhlin or Tom Sharkey when they had been boxing over a year and as good as Jeffries when he was at a year," remarked an old time boxing instructor, after watching Young for a couple of days, both in training and workouts.

The British boxers are fast adopting the American method of "get everything in sight" while there is a chance. That seems to be the case with Bombarrier Wells had pretty officer Curran. In a letter a well known sporting man of London writes as follows regarding the matter: "According to the latest dope America is to have a visit from pretty officer Curran soon. Curran has an unenviable record of bouts lost and won on fouls; in fact, I should say the total is a world's record. At Lick Borge's club, he added one more to the list by losing to Fred Storch, the South African, in 12 rounds, after being badly outpointed from the commencement. I gather that Curran is to go out under the management of Owen Moran, and hopes to meet the best of the American big fellows. If Curran can beat the top dog of your 'white hopes' it can be written down now that England has the best white heavyweight in the world, for Bombarrier Wells could thrash Curran with one hand tied behind. A certain amount of mystery has surrounded Wells of late, and the belated explanation of his manager about the Wells-Pulver contest does not make things any clearer. Two months ago we were told that Wells and Pulver were signed up for a contest at San Francisco on July 4, and that a purse of \$20,000 had been agreed upon. Now the story reads that Tom O'Rourke has advised Wells that the bout would draw at least \$100,000, and the British champion insists upon \$20,000 for his end, win, lose or draw, which is going some for a man who has still to beat gunner Moir before he can justify say that he is the undisputed champion of England. Twelve months ago Wells signed up to meet Jack Johnson for the world's title and \$10,000 for his end, and an almost certain beatings and what he has done in the meantime to double his value as a drawing card beats me. Anyhow, Wells is going to America, and I should not be surprised if he goes not pack up quickly and come back home again when he finds that American promoters are no more willing to give boxers all their takings than are their British counterparts."

HAYDEN BASEBALL TEAM DEFEATS THE RAY BUNCH

Over the Hayden Bunch for a Silver Cup and an Even Things Up.

Hayden, Ariz., May 15.—The Hayden baseball team went to Winkelman to play the scheduled game with the nine of the latter town. They redeemed themselves for all past games between the two teams and won by a score of 7 to 4. A purse was raised by both teams to make the game more interesting for the fans, and as a result a very large crowd was there to witness the game.

ness the game. McClure was in the box for the Haydenites and with the able support of the team back of him, had the Winkelman aggregation at his mercy.

The Hayden Tennis association sent a delegation to Ray to contest with the Ray association for the "Sherwood Aldrich cup," presented by the president of the Ray Consolidated Copper company, to be contested for between these two singles were played, the four being won by the Ray crowd, but the Hayden bunch will try to redeem themselves the next time the meet, which will be probably next fall.

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The Courteous Ball Game

Little Stories About Baseball

By W. A. Phelon

"YOU can try to refine and civilize baseball all you want," remarked Joe Kelly, the manager who was once an Oriole star, "and you can make a parlor game out of it by giving the umpires power of life and death, but you can't kill off the players' tongues unless you stun 'em with an ax. Baseball can be made a gentlemanly game, all right, but you can't get the Chesterfield stuff into it, no matter how much the writers and the magazines may talk about its progress towards perfection. Nothing doing. The public can't hear the line of talk that still goes on, and it's just as well the public is out of rubbering range."

"Years and years ago, I well remember, two ball clubs tried to pull a polite and courteous ball game, just to see how the thing would work. The old Baltimore and the old Boston—which were real ball clubs, both of them—held a conference one afternoon. There had been a lot of talk and newspaper criticism about rough house work and bad language—and we wanted to show press and public that we could be good, decent people after all. We agreed to try out the polished conversation and the golden rule stuff for this one occasion, and Tim Hurst, who was slated to umpire, agreed to help the good work along. It would be some conversation, too, believe me. If we could get Tim Hurst into the parlor process, for Tim was never built on cotton lines."

"The first half inning went by somehow lovely. Even when Tim called a strike on Tom McCarthy that was a foot over his head, there was no outcry. Says Tom, very gently, 'Wasn't that ball a trifle high, Mr. umpire?' And says Tim, all courtesy, 'I fear I may have erred in judgment, Mr. McCarthy. Kindly overlook it, if you will.' And in our half, when Jack Doyle went down to second in a cloud of dust, and Tim said, 'Out,' Jack jumped up, red in the face, yelled, 'What the—' and caught himself in time. 'ardon me,' says Jack, 'but I honestly thought that Mr. Long failed to touch me.' And says Herman Long, equally polite, 'I am under the impression that I did touch Mr. Doyle. Just as nice and Chesterfieldish as you could read in a book of etiquette.'"

And in the very next inning the blow-off came. Three on and two gone, with Hunchy Jennings hitting. Retz made a dash for home on what he thought was a passed ball. The Boston catcher recovered it, but as he dove for the putout, Jennings wandered against him and knocked him 10 feet away. "Out for the interference," yelled Hurst—and then everybody arrived at the plate all in a bunch.

"You — — — Irish toner," shrieked Retz, 'what am I out for?' "You redheaded — — —" roared the Boston catcher at Jennings, 'I ought knock your block off, an' for two cents I'd do it!' "You're a piece of cheese," snarled Jennings, 'and this bum umpire is a porch-climbing robber!' "Fer Moses' sakes remember," I interposed, 'that this is supposed to be a polite and courteous game, just to show how well we can behave—' and somebody hit me across the map with a catching glove."

"I can't lick every man as yet," howled Tim Hurst, and I'll do it, too, if ye're not back in yer places inside of a minute!" "You're a cheap crook," said John McGraw. "You're all a bunch of yellow dogs," said Herman Long, addressing the whole all-star team, sort of impersonally. "And when the police arrived the cries of etiquette had been fractured so badly I never heard of their being rebuked. That was, I think, the first, last and only time that a courteous ball game was staged in a big league company."

"Breathe, Eat, Think and Sleep Baseball"

"A BALL player, to be successful, must devote his time to his work," says Hugh Jennings of the Detroit Tigers. "He must breathe baseball, eat baseball, play baseball, think baseball and sleep baseball. Follows like Ty Cobb, Donie Bush, Sam Crawford, Del Gainer and other stars devote their entire time and attention

to the game. This must be done here just like any other business. The man who is successful in the man who trains himself to his work and keeps his mind on it.

"In my career in the game I have known but one really good player who could place baseball second to other things. That man is Bill Dahlen, now manager of the Brooklyn team. Dahlen played the ponies and indulged in other outside affairs. He never practiced. He never gave the game a thought when off the field, and he always reached the clubhouse two or three minutes before starting time. Sometimes the game had to wait until Bill took his position at short. If Dahlen had devoted his entire time to baseball he would have been the greatest infielder of all time under the sun."

Jack Lively is gone from the Tigers, but the tradition of his glory will linger long. In his year of service with the jungle band, Jack probably furnished as much fun and was the butt of as many amusing stories as any one who ever made Detroit lively. Here is a new one on the southerner, told by that well known raconteur, Harry Tuttle.

"One day while the club was stopping in Philadelphia," says Harry, Lively happened to break a little piece off one of the chairs in his room. The damage was slight and probably could have been repaired for 50 cents. Instead of reporting the breakage to the office and having the chair fixed, however, Lively got scared and made up his mind to destroy all evidence of the accident.

"Accordingly he smashed the chair into small pieces by jumping on it and breaking fragments over his knee. This done, he hid the traces of his crime in a small closet under the washstand, hoping the mangled body of the chair would not be found until the Tigers left town."

"It so happened that the hotel was doing some general house cleaning at that time, and Jack's foul deed was discovered the next morning by the chambermaid, who reported to the housekeeper. The report was that Lively found himself confronted with a bill for \$15 for one chair, and the club secretary had to pay it, not forgetting to deduct the amount from Lively's next check."

"That little adventure cost Mr. Lively just \$17.50 more than it ought to have cost, to say nothing of the trouble and time he spent in reducing the chair to fragments."

"OIGA, TIRALA A PRIMERO, BOMBO TIRA, GRAN BONHEADO"

By Timothy Turner

Did You Ever Hear That Baseball Spanish Out at Washington Park? Also, a Look at Jack's Ears and About Icabod Ogles.

"Oiga, tirala a primero." Hey throw it to first.

"Pone el palo." Bunt the ball.

"Robate segundo." Steal second.

"Faniarse." Strikeout—fan.

"Bombo." Bum—rotten.

That's some real baseball bunk, the sort used by the internationals, of the El Paso City league. It's a tip, too, for those of the other teams, and can save 'em up.

The Mexican flock of pill pounders don't really need any signals with that line of denatured Spanish. Many of the words are derived from the English, "faniarse" and "bombo," for example. There is no baseball slang in Spanish, for baseball is not a game for the dons, and a Mexican ball fight fan might holler "votre toro," when the

pitcher has a tin arm and a glass eye. Go out to Washington park and hear 'em holler "bombo." It's choice.

A pair of genuine "cauliflower ears" to one Jack Harriek, who meets Kid Mitchell in Juarez next Sunday. Although Jackie still young in years, he has had enough battles to make his listeners resemble two heads of cabbage adjoined to his cheeks. One good thing about Jack, which the wise ones notice, is his nose, with its large, open nostrils. This is said to indicate good breathing apparatus without the necessity of opening the mouth, a good thing for the boxer of 20 round matches.

Walt Morris, manager of the Ft. Worth Panthers, says that the only thing one gets for nothing is advice. That is highly philosophical, and all that. And speaking of advice, Walt

says: "It is even freer than religion this time of the year."

Prof. Icabod Ogles—rare name that—the Waco slaban, keeps the wolves away from his back door during the winter by teaching school, and grabs the call during the hot times by fooling opposing batsmen. Rah for Icabod Ogles—on, what a name!

"Shep" Shepherd, war correspondent now in El Paso, has been assigned by his people to chase over to Sweden next month and cover the Olympic games for the Newspaper Enterprise association. Used to writing about rebel running contests, and federal hammer throwing, he ought to do right well.

Harry Gilmora, Jr., the manager of Jack's club, used to be a fighter himself. He also writes for the papers in Chicago, his home, and covers some big stories for the Tribune sporting department.

THE OLD WHITE SOX ARE ALL WORN OUT

THE last vestige of the old White Sox team, which Charley Comiskey had in Chicago 12 years ago has been blotted out of the major leagues. When little Charley O'Leary, of the Tigers, was released to the American association, a few knew that the once wore a Chicago uniform and sported the white home back in 1899.

O'Leary antedated every single player in the American league up to the time he was retired by Detroit. Apparently a mere youth, judging from his looks—and Charley is young—too, in years, O'Leary saw them all arrive, and he saw most of them depart. Yet he was so good a player that he was in the games the Tigers played until recently, hurrying them up around second base as well as ever in his career.

This former Tiger was a grand utility player—could fill in at short, second or third. For many years he was the regular shortstop, losing the job only when Owen Bush hiked along the played with the Detroit in the fight for the world's title and was always in the thick of it.

Only a small percentage of the fans know that Charley O'Leary went direct from a department store, where he was an errand boy, to a berth on Comiskey's White Sox. Charley had been playing back tier and semi-pro ball for some time, and his work attracted many managers, but his first big league engagement was with the Sox and he was one of the youngest lads who ever had such an honor. For he had many years to go before he finally attained the age of 21.

For many years O'Leary and Dutch Schaefer, now with the Senators, have been pals. When they were together at Detroit they formed the best pair in baseball. Schaefer is a humorist, and so is Charley. Their double harness act was great. And they could surely do the double harness act on the ball field, too. With Schaefer at second and O'Leary at short, they were the closest to the Every-Thinker combination that history affords.

ROWDIES DO NOT SUCCEED.—C. MACK

IT IS not often that Connie Mack breaks into print, but when he does it is usually worth while to read what he has to say.

Probably the best explanation why so many young players of ability fail in the major leagues comes in the following utterances from the leader of the world's champions: "It is not easy to find good mechanical ball players, but it's hard to discover those with a necessary supply of gray matter and real moral courage. The player who makes good in a pinch is the winner. I don't mean the bluffer who bails the umpire and browbeats his opponents, but the fellow who has the nerve and backbone to meet every emergency. The bulldozer, as a rule, is yellow, while the player who behaves himself and holds his tongue is dead game. Rowdies in general are not quick thinkers. That's why I've always steered clear of them. Intelligent players know how to curb themselves when under fire and for that excellent reason they seldom lose control of their think tanks."

ATTENTION, AMATEURS.
The Herald is anxious to boost amateur baseball in El Paso. Its columns are open to any news of any game on any town lot. Games briefly written with material spelled properly, or challenges, will be printed when brought to the sporting editor. Material must be in the Herald's office before a clock in the morning for publication that same day.

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ON NEXT PAGE

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